

# POEMS

Written by the Right HONOURABLE

Henry Lord Arundel of Wardeer;

AND

Count of the Sacred Roman Empire.

Now PRISONER in the TOWER.

*This Henry was 23<sup>d</sup> Earl of Arundel - died Jan. 11. A.D. 1683.*

*A Valediction to the WORLD.*

**H**ence all ye Visions of the Worlds delight,  
You treach'rous Dreams of our deluded  
Passion too long hath seiz'd on Reasons Right,  
And play'd the Tyrant in her own defence:  
Her flatt'ring Fancies hurry'd me about,  
To seek content which I could ne're find out.  
If any pleasure did slide o're my sence  
It left a mark of shame when it went thence.  
And when posselt, it relisht no more;  
And I remain'd as Thirsty as before:  
Those pleasant Charms that did my heart seduce  
Seem'd great pursu'd, but less'n'd in the use;  
And that false flame that kindled my desire  
E're I could cast, the pleasure did expire.  
But Reason now shall repossess her Throne  
And Grace restore what nature had o'rethrown,  
My better Genius prompts me to declare  
Against those follie's, and to side with her:  
She tells me 'tis high time to stemm that Tide  
Whose Torrent doth us from our selves divide.  
Those brutal Passions do un-man our mind,  
And rule, where Virtue had them slaves design'd  
Such usurpation shall prevail no more;  
I will to Reason her just Rights restore:  
And make my Rebel heart that duty pay  
To her, which on my sence was cast away.  
But this (dear Lord) must be thy work not mine,  
Thy Grace must finish what I but designe.

It is thy pow'r alone that first doth move,  
Then give us strength to execute and love,  
For Nature hath by custome so prevail'd,  
And such dominion o're our sence intail'd,  
That we can never hope but by thine hand  
To free our Captive Souls from her Command.  
That fatal liberty which for our good  
Thou gav'st us, was ill us'd, worse understood.  
Men made by Reason, not like Beasts, to obey  
Losing that reason, prove more beasts then they.  
And sure they lose it when they do dispence  
With their known duty, to delight the sence.  
Since then thy bounty doth my heart inspire,  
Make me to do, as well as to desire:  
Set so my warring heart from passions free  
That it may ne're love any thing but thee.  
By thy sweet force my Stubborn heart incline  
To quit my Conduct, and to follow thine:  
So shall my Soul by double conquest prove  
Bought by thy Bloud, and conquer'd by thy love.

*Persecution no loss.*

**W**hat can we lose for him, when all we have  
Are but the Favours which his Bounty  
And which, when Losses force us to restore,  
God only takes 'em for to give us more:  
And by an happy change doth kindly prove  
He takes our fortunes but to give us love.

How

How vainly should that beggar chide his fate  
Who quits his Dung-hill for a Chair of State:  
So fares it with us, when God doth displace  
The Gifts of fortune for the gifts of Grace  
God did on sufferings set so high esteem,  
he that way chose the lost World to Redeem:  
And when his love and nature were at strife  
He vau'd more his sufferings, than his Life.  
And shall Opinion have more pow'r to move  
Then his Example, Doctrine, or his Love:  
Love makes Afflictions pleasing; to complain  
Lessens our merit, and augments the pain.  
Let's humbly then Submit to his design,  
And give that freely which we must resign:  
So shall our Losses prove the best Increase  
Of future Glory, and our present Peace.

*Which grant for thy Passion.*

3  
*On those Words of the Psalm,  
— God chastiseth whom he loveth.*

**I**F then the earnest of thy favours be  
Afflictions, good God let 'em light on me.  
Ile glory more in such a kind distress  
Then in all comforts where thy love is less.  
And by my Misery Ile make it known  
In spite oth' World, how much I am thy own  
No fruitful show'r's shall by the thirsting plant  
Be kindlier entertain'd then scorn and want:  
Or loss of Honour, Fortune, or delight  
Shall be by me; That which did once affright,  
And fill'd my troubled Mind with care and grief  
Shall be my future Comfort and relief.  
I never more will Court a smiling Fate,  
Since he's so happy, that is desolate.  
Afflictions shall be pleasing, since they come  
Like friendly show'r's to send us sooner home.  
And by thy love, such Charms are in 'em found  
As cure the Heart, which they intend to wound;  
Such strange effects doth Grace in us produce  
To change as well their Natures, as their Use.

4  
*Considerations before the Crucifix.*

**W**HEN I behold thee on that fatal Tree  
(Sweet Jesu) suffering, and that 'tis for  
When I consider in that purple Floud  
My sin ebb out, but with thy Life and Bloud:

When I reflect how dear my soul hath cost  
I'm mov'd to wish, it rather had been lost  
For how can that life please that doth destroy  
The Life of him, by whom we life enjoy.  
And yet to wish thou hadst not suffered so  
Were to condemn thy love and wisdom too;  
For if we Joy in what thy Death hath brought,  
We must allow the pains with which 'twas bought

So both our life, and death unitedly,  
Natures Life is to have her maker dye.  
It is thy will (dear Lord) must be obey'd;  
And in that duty both these debts are pay'd.  
O let my Soul, in a due measure, find  
A joy becoming, and a mourning mind;  
A joy in thy kind will, ev'n whilst it made  
sun-shine in Nature by thy God-head's shade.  
A grief to see the Torments sin did merit  
And Man deserv'd; God should himself inherit.  
That thus divided 'twixt thy pain and will,  
we may resign with joy, and yet grieve still.  
Uniting so these Trophies of thy Love,  
That weeping here we may rejoyce above.

*Upon the Pains of Hell.*

**O** Restless Groans! O sloathful Tears!  
O vain Desires of fruitless Tears!  
One timely Sigh had eas'd that Flame,  
Which Millions now do seek in vain;  
Eternal Pennance, now's thy Fate;  
For having wept and sigh'd too late:  
That short remorse that thou didst flie,  
Is chang'd into Eternity;  
Neglected mercy hath no room,  
When Justice once hath fixt his Doom.  
Prevent then timely by thy care,  
That endless Pennance of Despair;  
Then weep betimes, your Tears here may  
Turn Night into eternal Day;  
It's only they have power to move,  
And turn Gods Blessing into Love;  
If by the vertue of his Grace,  
Thou shewest them a proper place;  
*Which grant we may for Christ's sake.*

LONDON, Printed, 1679. By a Copy under his own Hand.